

The Funniest King Alive.

How Premph of Ashantee Lost His Plug Hat, and Just What He Looks Like.

OPERA BOUFFE IN AFRICA'S FOREST.

An African King's way of doing business has been well exemplified in the case of King Premph of Ashantee, for whom the monkeys in the African forest must now



FUNNIEST KING IN THE WORLD CHEWING HIS CHART.

have contempt after the humiliations he has suffered at the hands of the English without striking a blow. From the way Premph was talking four months ago you would think he was a valiant warrior looking for a fight with a big army of bloodthirsty ruffians behind him.

He defied England. Now he is trying to forget that he is alive, and being jeered at by the negro policeman on the African Gold Coast, who regard him merely as a "back country nigger," capable of making a bluff, but without an inch of manhood in him.

He let a British force march right into his capital without striking a blow. When a British officer told him to do so he took off his "crown" and kissed the officer's feet in sight of a multitude of astonished natives.

Of course this man is only a king in the opera house sense. We know now that a few New York policemen could have gone to Coomassie and reduced him to submission.

But his bluff was taken seriously by England, which sent an expedition out there and called it a "war." When the English got to the Coomassie without having lost a man a big show of force was made and word was sent to the King to come around at 6 o'clock in the morning. Premph failed to appear, and a few soldiers were sent to bring him from the "palace." Itself a mere collection of mud huts.

As soon as the quaking negro, with his mother and his brothers and uncles, was brought into the presence of the commander of the expedition, he was told that he would have to pay 50,000 ounces of gold, the alleged cost of the expedition.

Premph said he could only raise 630 ounces of gold, even if he melted down his crown and sceptre, but he promised to pay the balance. He was asked what kind of security he could offer, but the character of his collateral would not have inspired confidence in Wall Street.

When the English tried to collect as much of the debt as they could, they ransacked the "royal palace" and pulled out from dark nooks and corners that structure a queer collection of old plug hats, dilapidated umbrellas, drums ornamented with skulls, brass dishes, patent medicine bottles and a tumbler.

About the only valuable find made at this place was the King's gold hat. The hat has been brought to London. As a hat it is a pretty poor specimen of workmanship, but its gold is of the virgin variety, and Premph has been given a copy of the Bible in return for it.

The palace cleaned up at a few hundred dollars outside this hat, which was hidden away behind a curtain and escaped the grasp of the English. His mother and sisters appeared to be surprised that it did not work charm right there in the market place and cause the British soldiers to drop down dead.

At first when they came across this African potentate the British soldiers thought he was smoking a cigar, and when he kept it in his mouth in the presence of Sir Francis Scott it was regarded as an insult to that gentleman, who thought for a time the King was chewing tobacco.

The charm would have been taken away from him if it would have done any good. He could hardly speak distinctly when he had it in his mouth.

Then the belief spread that the King's treasure had been spirited away before the British troops arrived. Some of the natives said that his numerous wives had disappeared with the booty.

The King had 3,333 wives, and if each of these carried away a few nuggets it is easy to understand how the gold reserve sunk in the royal treasury. The King when interrogated on this point seemed to be glad that his wives had vanished, as he said he would have some peace at last, although British soldiers had taken their place.

Premph was given only five minutes in which to make up his mind to come out of his palace and submit. He came out. When he was told that his going-on would cost him 50,000 ounces of gold he started on a dignified explanation, but was told to put up or shut up. He did the latter, being unable to do the former, and was at once placed under arrest.

The Queen's mother and several of the royal family were also made prisoners and have been taken as hostages to the Gold Coast. There they will be kept until the balance of the indemnity for the cost of the war has been paid. The money is never likely to be produced, so that England has got a firm grip on the country, which is believed to contain many valuable gold deposits.

A Fortune Paid for Jerseys.

George Vanderbilt Buys the Famous Hawley Herd for \$200,000.

AN UNJUST LAW GIVES HIM A BARGAIN.

George Vanderbilt has invested heavily in highly bred Jersey cattle for his 30,000-acre farm Biltmore, near Asheville, N. C., having just purchased a herd of 125, the

total amount paid therefor being \$200,000. Both Mr. Vanderbilt and the seller say that the herd is a bargain at that price. The herd ranks third in value and reputation in the United States and was formerly the property of Frank W. Hawley, of Pittsford, farm, near Rochester. On account of a recent decision of the New York Court of Appeals confirming the right of the State Board of Health to confiscate and slaughter animals suspected of having tuberculosis, regardless of their value, and upon the unsupported judgment of small-salaried inspectors after a merely casual examination, Mr. Hawley decided to get out of the business of raising fine cattle.

The court had also denied the existence of an aristocracy in the bovine world. It held that a cow was a cow, and only a cow; that one cow was as good as another, inasmuch as one can do as much damage by spreading the dread disease as another; and, further, that the law did not authorize the payment of a larger sum for a Jersey with a pedigree running back to William the Conqueror, than for the cow with the crumpled horn that is seen swathing its burr-covered tail by the side of a dusty highway, and capable only of giving two quarts of pale blue milk daily.

The fixed price for a condemned cow is \$35, and that was the price Mr. Hawley received per head for a herd of World's Fair prize winners that cost him \$30,000. Among the famous Catharine of Pittsford, winner of the butter test at the World's Fair, and considered the most valuable Jersey cow in the world, Mr. Hawley paid \$2,500 for her when she was a calf, and the State paid him \$35 for her when she was slaughtered.

Mr. Vanderbilt, who has asked for an offer for his herd, the price was agreed upon, and now at Biltmore is the nucleus of what the owner intends to make the greatest fancy cattle farm in the United States and possibly in the world.

There Were Only Two Deaths From This Cause Last Year, and These Were Due to Illness.

Only two deaths from starvation were reported to the Health Department during last year; just half as many as were recorded from the same cause in 1894. Even those two cases cannot be charged to any lack of charity in the metropolis.

The first of the victims of starvation in 1895 was an infant one year old, who was too weak to retain the necessary nourishment; the other was only five years old and could not swallow his food owing to an obstruction in the alimentary canal.

In 1894 there were, however, two deaths which appeared to be due to inability to work of any kind or description led to the untimely taking off of one of the two adults who died from starvation in that year. He was found in an old boiler on the East River front one cold night suffering from exposure, delirium tremens and starvation. It was a sharp race between the three to see who would first claim the candidate for Potter's Field, but the doctors who saw him breathe his last decided upon starvation as the winner. Although only forty-seven years of age, suffering had so told on him that he looked more like a man of seventy.

The fourth case of that bitter Winter of 1894 was that of an apparently hard-working man, aged about forty-five years, who had evidently been unable to secure employment for some time. His plucked and haggard features bore testimony to the cause of his death, starvation, superinduced probably by false pride and inability to obtain work.

Dr. Tracey, of the Health Department, says that cases of unavoidable starvation are practically unknown in New York. "I knew," he said, "that a few cases had been reported in the last two years, but I am surprised to find even the small number so large."

One of the secretaries of the United Charities Building, at Fourth avenue and Twenty-second street, expressed the opinion that there were practically no cases of actual starvation from one year's end to another. "The people of New York are too open-hearted to turn away the stranger at their gates," she said.

He Dances the Serpentine with the Grace of a Professional.

HE'S A GENUINE CANINE WONDER.

La Lole Fuller has a brand new rival in Paris who is consoling the French people for that young woman's absence. The rival is not calculated to damage La Lole to make people aware in their allegiance to her, for it is a dog. What makes it even funnier is that it is a masculine dog, who rejoices in the name of Dick. Several times clever French trainers have attempted to teach intelligent canines how to dance the fascinating serpentine, but never until now has a dog learned the trick well. At one of the theatres this "dog serpentine" is now going on, winning shouts of applause from the Parisian audience each night and being danced with a clever imitation that would not be deemed possible.

"Dick" is a poodle dog who, long before he attempted the serpentine, had a wide and varied experience as a professional dog and much stage training. One of his chief feats was mounting stairs on his hind legs precisely like a man. A former owner got him into such trim that he could climb four ordinary flights, never dropping his fore paws to the ground, and still have so much breath and energy left that he could dance upon the fourth landing for five minutes. All this training put him in the pink of condition for attempting new feats. Already he could dance to the ordinary tunes measure as well as any dog who ever came before the public. It only remained to

train him to manipulate the long yards of silk that flutter in the changing lights of the electric arc to the motions of the arms.

It was done in all very curious. As is usual in the serpentine as made perfect by La Lole, the footlights and every stage gleam goes out, leaving the boards in total darkness save for the stream from the calcium. In that light, with little, mincing steps, a tiny figure in clinging white robes, coming down just far enough to leave visible the tufts of hair on the poodle's feet, comes up upon the stage, and in a twinkling world it seems like some elfish child playing pranks. With slow, awkward movements, the slow beats of a just commencing waltz, purposely slackened in time, it advances. Back of the head, shoulders and what would be arms, setting in the figure is if with a frame, in a mass of white drapery which somehow stands upright.

As the music quickens and finally slides into the rhythmic time of a waltz that can be danced, the strange little figure commences to dance, too, with cautious steps, bowing, bending, every drapery moving in harmony, and as it twists, here, there and everywhere about the stage, the after another the differing lights of the calcium are thrown upon it in fascinating order, it is strange and astonishing that a poodle can be taught to perform such a trick, all done to the perfection of nicely, but as yet the dog has not failed.

The most accompanying this shows "Dick" in his serpentine costume much better and more vividly than any number of written words can do it. It only remains to picture this figure in motion with the waltz step as near to perfection as a dog can possibly get, and the twists and bends, the dipping and the bowing low and the twists of drapery, done with astonishing cleverness.

But the end of the dance is the most comical of all. With the precise motion of the serpentine the dog finally falls on his knees, bending over and over until his head touches the floor, and the mass of drapery falls over him in one great, white, silken heap. Then he rises, and the whole springs to his feet, faces double-quick toward the wings, and with half a dozen swiftness, ready to come out again upon a vigorous encore.

It is interesting to learn how this clever poodle was taught to handle the drapery that he swings about his head. The trick of it was very simple. When the first intricate movements were being given to him, M. Dore, his mistress, put bracelets around his fore paws, having first attached tiny bells to them. As the dog danced he shook the bracelets and jingled the bells. These bells were retained until the dog had gotten fully used to the dancing movement, and then, instead of the bracelets, thin sticks were attached to his paws, holding up the light drapery of silk. The same movement that he had made use of with the bells shook the folds of silk in the manner desired. The rest was easy.

MR. BELMONT'S ANIMALS.

His Private Menagerie at Newport Will This Summer Receive Two Sacred Running Oxen.

A 635.

Mr. O. H. P. Belmont's unique menagerie at Newport will during the coming Summer be enriched by the addition of a team of "sacred running oxen" from the island of Ceylon. These are the true dwarfs of the ox family, the largest specimen of the species never exceeding 30 inches in height. They are frequently when fully matured from 20 to 22 inches in height only, and weigh from 100 to 120 pounds.

In Ceylon they are used for quick trips across country with express matter and other light loads, and it is said that four of them can pull a driver of a two-wheeled cart and a load of 200 pounds a matter of seventy miles a day. They travel with a swiftness that has been known to cover 100 miles in a day and a night without food or water. Naturalists know nothing regarding these miniature cattle, except that they have been indigenous to the soil of Ceylon, and other Buddhist countries for more than a thousand years.

The Raines bill abolishes the saloon free lunch. It only takes a few words to do so, but they are effectual, for it says: "No saloon keeper shall give away any food to be eaten on such premises."

To the class known as lunch fiends, and they are very near as numerous as the leaves of Vallombrosa, this fact causes a sinking feeling at the heart, but to the hearts of the saloon keepers it brings joy. For years these men have been expending a considerable percentage of their income in providing these repasts, calculated to induce a thirst in the souls of their parched patrons.

The Raines bill will not only deprive Weary Wagglies of his source of sustenance, but will also force the brigades of bacteria battalions of bacilli and squadrons of germs to abandon their points of vantage in the knives, forks and spoons used in confinement by free lunch patrons. Knife are mentioned first, for the simple reason that in almost every dispensary, outside the Tenderloin and Murray Hill districts, these useful articles are employed in the transfer of every edible, save soup, from the counter to the consumer.

The amount spent on free lunches by the thousands of saloon keepers in New York varies with the grade of the dispensary and the custom it caters to. But that it is

Loie Fuller's Dog Rival.

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practically indispensable may be assumed from the prodigality with which it is verified. One fact is noticeable, however: The higher class the saloon, the fewer inducements it offers to the prospective customer.

Take, for instance, the hostess and cafes in the Tenderloin, on Murray Hill, and in the Wall Street district. Crackers and cheese, reinforced with olives, and, perhaps, cold, crisp celery, form the only accompaniments to the "twenty-cent straight" of the aristocratic customers. On Park Row and the Bowery, however, all is different. Here hot lunches are extensively advertised and patronized.

These lunches come high, as any saloon keeper will testify. The downfall of one of the most successful luncheon dealers in town, and the transfer of his place, not far from the Brooklyn Bridge, to the hands of the Sheriff, was hastened by his outlay of \$75 a day on edibles. These lunches, for the most part, are supplied by a company, which secures for its epaulettes of pork and beans one day, beef stew on another and an outbreak of clam chowder and fried fish on the third.

Among those most violently opposed to the free lunch system is Dr. Chumney M. Devery, who maintains that the principal ingredient of these lunches is salt, thereby increasing the toper's thirst. This is true enough, otherwise, what would a free lunch be but a groveling bribe?

One of the debatable points in the Raines bill may be found in line 21, Page 43, which practically decrees that guests of the luxuries of lunch, free of charge, provided the entertainment is served in their apartments with the desired appetizer. This section is doubtless an offspring of the law now in force in Philadelphia, where, to secure "brokers" on Sunday, one must take a room and have his tipple taken there. Nor is this delivered C. O. D., but must be paid for on the following day.

The saloon keepers say the passing of the free lunch will really bring about increased trade, for the class of people whom it draws are, as a rule, the least desirable customers.

PROF. GARNER'S REVENGE.

The African Traveller Has Named a Baboon After the Editor of London Truth.

Editor of the Sunday Journal.

Sir: On my recent voyage to Africa I had presented to me a baboon upon which I have bestowed the name of Labouchere, the editor of an obscure paper in London. I do not care to advertise either the editor or his ephemeral periodical, but inasmuch as he has taken the liberty of circulating a lot of falsehoods, the person of which were furnished to him by an ostentatious and ridiculous denials his country, his parentage and his religion, I have concluded to commemorate the existence of monstrosity by conferring his name upon the animal referred to.

I should like to have given it a more respectable name, but from the fact that it was possessed of so many revolting habits and indecent traits, I regard the name as appropriate. I do not mean it as a rebuke to the baboon, but his manners deserve it.

He had the habit of assuming many absurd and unbecoming attitudes. He often poses in such a manner as to appear ridiculous. He plays in dirt and then wants to run his soiled hands over somebody else. He is unclean in many ways. I propose to put him in a menagerie, and upon his cage shall hang a card bearing this inscription:

"Labby-A. baboon that chatters for doughnuts; he grins and snarls, but will not bite; he is dirty but not dangerous. Visitors are requested not to feed him, as cleanly food will be given by Order."

I have another small monkey which I would name after the other conspirator, but I do not care to bring his name out of the obscurity to which it belongs.

R. L. GARNER.
New York, March 9, 1896.

THE BIGGEST BARREL OF BEER ON EARTH.

outlined the medico-legal portion of the defense. He contended that the convulsions were not epileptic at all, and were not the result of the injury, but the product of hysteria. In the hope of convincing the judge and jury, the doctor described a convulsive attack of the character that the plaintiff had sustained that very day. He also described the difference between a hysterical convulsion and an epileptic fit. When the rigidity which occurs in a hysterical convulsion is not long after the appearance of a convulsion. Her eyes were fixed upon the witness and her face expressed a growing horror.

The witness, proceeding with his studied description, told the court that victims of hysteria are peculiarly susceptible to the influence and suggestions of others. They were, he said, prone to laugh and weep from a similarly sympathetic motive. The witness glanced at the white face and staring eyes of the girl before him, and then, turning quickly to Judge Bischoff, said: "Look, Judge. She is undergoing a convulsion whose conditions correspond exactly to those I have just described." As Dr. Moore spoke, Miss Cavanaugh fell forward with a distressed, sobbing moan, in the throes of a convulsion.

When the plaintiff recovered the trial went on. Legal and medical witnesses came and went on both sides, but the singular proof of the theory advanced by the first physician who testified, given by the plaintiff herself, had a convincing effect upon several of the jurymen. The jury went out and stayed until morning. Then they told the court they could not possibly agree and were discharged. Later, it was learned that four stood for the defense.

Now, fortified with new legal ammunition, the plaintiff means to return to the attack. In this attempt she will be careful to keep out of the range of the hypnotic eyes of adverse medical witnesses.

KEPT TIME FOR DANCERS.

Here is an Ingenious Device Which Was Recently Used at a Ball Given in This City.

A ball was given recently by the inmates of a New York school for the education of deaf mutes, at which an original device was successfully used to keep the dancers in time. A large paper doll was rigged up on the piano, which was played by a deaf mute.

The doll was made to move up and down by means of a pedal connection, in time with the music, which neither player nor dancers could hear. The dancers kept their eyes upon the doll. A large sign alongside the piano announced the character of the dances, which were prolonged into the small hours.

Our Biggest Beer Barrel.

You Can Store 36,000 Gallons of Liquor in Its Vest Depths.

IT IS OAK AND WEIGHS 40,000 POUNDS.

The cask shown in the accompanying picture is the largest in the world, with one exception. It is used for the storage of wine, and contains, when full, 36,000 gallons.

It is twenty-one feet in length, and twenty feet in diameter. It is made of oak, weighs 40,000 pounds and rests on a massive cradle, underneath which is a solid stone foundation seven feet in thickness. This is to prevent the cask from sinking into the ground, just as strong foundations are laid for large houses. The top of the cask is reached by a flight of steps, twenty-nine in number, where there is a platform for visitors to rest and view the surrounding attractions, and also to gaze into the top of the cask and see the vast quantity of liquor that is stored therein.

The amount of liquor that this cask holds would last one man over one hundred years, provided he drank regularly one pint every day. And at the end of that time it would be very fine liquor, as the oak wood imparts to it a very agreeable flavor. If you had a cask like this filled with whiskey, it would probably increase in value more than three-fold before you could drink half of it up, even if you were a pretty respectable tippler. Starting off with the cask full of whiskey, valued in all at say \$36,000, after you had consumed 18,000 gallons, you would have a balance representing in value \$54,000. In this way you could drink your liquor and apparently keep it too, which is a paradox and opposed to all laws of economy.

It is this power of adding to the quality, color and bouquet of liquor which makes it worth while to build such an enormous vessel. The cost of this particular cask was \$3,500, and the investment was probably a remunerative one. The cask is owned by a firm of distillers in Toledo, Ohio, where it is regarded by the citizens as an object of local pride and distinction. The same firm has a great number of other casks, varying in capacity from 1,000 to 36,000 gallons each, the total capacity being the enormous amount of 500,000 gallons. This would make a very neat starter for a person who is ambitious to build up a wine cellar. These casks would contain enough spirits to keep him supplied for about 300 years, with margin enough for an occasional treat among his friends.

The only cask in the world larger than the one pictured here is the famous Heidelberg Tun, which, however, has not been in use for over a hundred years. Its exact

No Egg Crop Like This One.

Uncle Sam Gathers It, and the Result is a Wonderful Catch of Fish.

NO DANGER OF A SHAD Famine.

Uncle Sam is the greatest gatherer and hatcher of eggs in the world. The eggs in which he deals are mostly shad eggs, and his busy season is about to begin. During the annual run of shad the work of collecting the eggs of these fish is conducted with great activity at the important stations of the United States Fish Commission on the Delaware, Potomac and Susquehanna rivers. As fast as they are secured they are put into the glass hatching jars, from which the young and vigorous shadlings presently emerge.

The Government experts go out with the fishermen in their boats. They watch the drawing of the nets, selecting from the catch as many shad as they can get. Mother shads as can be handled to advantage. By passing the hand in a deft manner over the body of each female shad the roe is squeezed out into a glass jar, wherein it is immediately fertilized by "milt" that is got from the male in the same fashion. This is accomplished very rapidly, an average female yielding about 25,000 eggs.

Many of the shad fishermen have learned how to take the eggs and fertilize them in this way. They sell the eggs ready fertilized to the agents of the Fish Commission, receiving for them \$20 a million. The eggs are reckoned by measurement. More than one-half of all the roe that emerges from the hatching jars is placed in a glass water run, through which a stream of water runs so that all the eggs and roe are floated off. The residue is paid for in cash.

The process of hatching the eggs is extremely simple. They are put into glass jars, through which a stream of water continually flows. The jars are kept at all the time, so that they enjoy an ever-flowing bath of fresh water and escape contact with any foulness that might injure them. They are somewhat larger than buckets, white, and quite translucent. They are hatched out in from four to ten days. As fast as they emerge they find their way out of the jar with the running water and into a large tank, from which they may be scooped with game nets whenever they are wanted.

This work was first begun on a large scale in 1881. At that time the annual catch of shad in the rivers of the United States was only 18,000,000 pounds, and fears were entertained that the shadery was destined to be destroyed by over-fishing. No results could be expected until 1885, when the artificially hatched shad attained maturity and returned to the streams to spawn. By the simple method described wonders have already been achieved, and this season the catch will be over 40,000,000 pounds. Indeed, the shad fishery in future need have no limit, save such as is set intentionally by man.

In order literally to crowd the streams with shad every year, it is merely necessary to hatch and plant the shad in the sea and put the young fry into the water. The shad live in the sea, only ascending the river annually for spawning purposes. The sea will support any number of them. They feed on the ocean bottoms, where they find unlimited provender. At spawning time they leave the ocean and come up the river, otherwise inaccessible to man, into the streams and deliver them up in the shape of toothsome meat and roe.

CAMEL MEAT IN PARIS.

The Toothsome Flesh of the Desert Animal the Latest Delicacy of Gourmets.

The curious folk of Paris have always been noted for their efforts to disprove the time-worn adage, "There's nothing new under the sun." The oddest fads and the queerest fancies emanate from the gay French capital. And the latest object to attract the attention of the Parisians is camel meat. The gourmets of France—and a man has no right to be called a Parisian unless he knows what is good for him, even though he cannot always have it—have said that flesh of the "ship of the desert" is not only good eating, but is entitled to rank with other delicacies which are hard to obtain. It has had such a vogue that plans are now being made to bring it in large quantities from Algeria.

The camel